

Broken Dreams

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Category: Digimon

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-07-03 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-07-03 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:06:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,144

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: *slaps self* Gods. I'm on crack.. that's got to be it. I mean, I keep writing fics like this.. yeesh. Big time PWP here.. Ah well.(yaoi, involving one of the weirdest couples I've ever seen)

Broken Dreams

> <meta name="Author"> Broken Dreams Author's notes: The perspective is kind of bad, and it's probably out of character... but do I care? No. Um.. oh yeah... it starts with Daisuke's point of view, then switches to Taichi's point of view. That's all... *frowns* Hey, it's a PWP! I just noticed that... geez. ^_^

"Broken Dreams"

It is the dark of midnight. Pale moonlight filters through the window, leaving a white square on the carpet. All is silent.

> I lay in bed staring up at the ceiling, eyes straining against the darkness. I don't know why.. there isn't anything to see. Nothing worth seeing, really. Nothing to think about, either. Except for him, of course. Him. Taichi.
 He thinks I'm just... I don't know... a crazy little fan. A little kid that looks up to him. People say I think of him as "my hero". Yeah, right.

> Don't get me wrong, I look up to him... but it's more than that. Gods, is it more than that. He's just so.... I don't know what the word is. Who really cares, anyway? He's just special. That's not quite the word I was looking for, but it'll have to do. Special. So special to me...
 If only he thought of me as more than just a little kid. I'm not.. well, I guess I am, compared to him. But it's just... I don't know. Frustrating. Annoying. Irritating.

> People think that at my age, I should be... girl crazy, I guess you could say. They wouldn't think I would be interested in a guy, much less one that is about three or four years older than me. Everyone thinks I like Hikari... it couldn't be further from the truth. She's just a friend... nothing more. Takeru can have her. I know he likes her... Hm. I never thought I'd be involved in something like this. Gods damn it, this is weird... then again, my whole life is kind of

weird. Oh well... nothing really matters.
 Wait, let me rephrase that. Nothing really matters.. except Taichi. My Taichi. Though of course, I shouldn't say that, because he'll never really be my Taichi.. never. Ever.

I look over at my bedside table, at the goggles that I had put there. The goggles.. his goggles. A little part of himself, even though it's not much... I remember when he gave them to me. Maybe he did it to try and stop me from being a pest... That's probably all he thinks of me. A little kid trying to be like him..

> I look away and close my eyes, fighting back the tears. Forget about it. It's nothing. It will never be. He doesn't love me.. he never will. It's just a stupid thing, a broken dream... Gods, why do I have to love you, Taichi?

I'm laying in bed, staring off into space, as usual. It's late.. very late. Too late to be awake. Way too late. But I can't sleep... not tonight. Or last night. Or the night before, for that matter. Can't sleep... can't get him off my mind.

> This is just... stupid. That's it. Stupid. I mean, the fact that I like a guy is stupid in itself. I shouldn't be thinking like this. I should be in love with Sora, or Mimi, or maybe some other girl. Not a guy. Definitely not a guy. But still...I like him. Actually, I love him. If it weren't for the fact that he's younger than me..
 Wait a sec. Snap out of it, Taichi! That kid has got you thinking weird. Gotta be it. They say imitation is a form of flattery.. he's just flattered you so much that you THINK you love him, but you don't. That's got to be it.

> Damn... who'm I kidding... I shouldn't kid myself. Still... why him? Why Daisuke, of all people? I mean, he's so.... I don't know. He's just....
 Cute. That's what he is. Cute. Everything about him... everything he does.. he just gets to me, I guess. That's all there is to it. He gets to me.

> I wonder what would happen if I ever told him how I feel... Hah, he'd probably lose all the respect he has for me. Either that or he'd feel very nervous around me... besides, it's not like he'd ever feel the same way. He likes Hikari. It's obvious... everyone knows it. I know it, she knows it.... I guess what bugs me is she likes him back. She shouldn't. He's mine... not hers. Geeze... what is wrong with me?! I shouldn't be like this. I should be glad they feel the same way for each other... but it just hurts to think that he loves my sister, when I love him...
 Damn it, this is just wrong. Did something hit my head? My brains are scrambled. That's got to be it. I've been out in the sun too long or something... what I need is sleep. Sleep.. but how can I sleep when he's on my brain, twenty-four seven?

> This sucks. This really, really sucks. Even though I love him, I can't love him because he will never love me back. Never. Though I guess it's a good thing.. my parents would freak if they knew about this.
 Damn this... I don't care about my parents. All I care about is him. Him! Damn it, Daisuke, get out of my head. Get out of my heart. I don't think I can take much more of this..

> The stupid thing is.... I don't care.
 I don't care.

> About anything.
 Except for him.....

> But I'm not going to admit that.
 But I already did.

> Damn.
 Oh well... I can always dream, can't I? No. I can't. Not about my sweet little Daisuke. Never. Because it won't ever happen... I'll never be able to hold him, kiss him... It's just a broken dream.

A god damned broken dream. That's all it'll ever be... A broken dream.

I feel tears in my eyes and close them. No use crying over broken dreams... A sigh escapes my lips and I look out my window at the stars. I hope you sleep well, my sweet little Daisuke.. and that you don't lose your heart to a broken dream.

End
file.